Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenſo, who is thy new Maſters gueſt,
Give him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweet Iewe; if a Chriſtian doe not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomething drowne my manly ſpirit: adiew. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous ſinne is it in me
To be aſham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: ô *Lorenſo*,
If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenſo, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in Supper time,
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.
Grat. We have not made good preparation.
Salar. We have not ſpoke us yet of Torch-bearers.
Salan. Tis vile unleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.
Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it ſhall pleaſe you to breake up this, it ſhall ſeeme to ſignifie.
Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat.* Love, newes in faith.
Launc. By your leave ſir. *Loren.* Whither goeſt thou,
Launc. Marry ſir, to bid my olde Maſter the Iewe to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.
Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*

I will

I will not faile her, ſpeake it privatly.
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this Maske to night,
I am provided of a Torch-bearer. *Exit Clowne.*
Salar. I marry, Ile be gone about it ſtraite.
Salan. And ſo will I.
Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano*, at *Gratianos* lodging
Some houre hence. *Salar.* Tis good we doe ſo. *Exit.*
Grat. Was not that Letter from faire *Ieſſica*.
Loren. I muſt needes tell thee all, ſhe hath directed
How I ſhall take her from her Fathers houſe,
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſht with,
What Pages ſute ſhee hath in readineſſe:
If ere the Iewe her Father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughters ſake,
And never dare misfortune croſſe her foote,
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iewe:
Come goe with me, peruſe this as thou goeſt,
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-bearer. *Exit.*

Enter Iewe and his man that was the Clowne.

Iew. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy eyes ſhall be thy judge,
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *Baſſanio*;
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurmandize
As thou haſt done with me: what *Ieſſica*,
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend apparell out.
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay. *Clowne.* VVhy *Ieſſica*.
Shy. VVho bids thee call? I doe not bid thee call.
Clow. Your worſhip was wont to tell me,
I could doe nothing without bidding.

Enter Ieſſica.

Ieſſica. Call you? what is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſſica*,
There are my keyes: but wherefore ſhaould I goe?
I am not bid for love, they flatter me,
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my girle,
Looke to my houſe, I am right loth to goe,

There